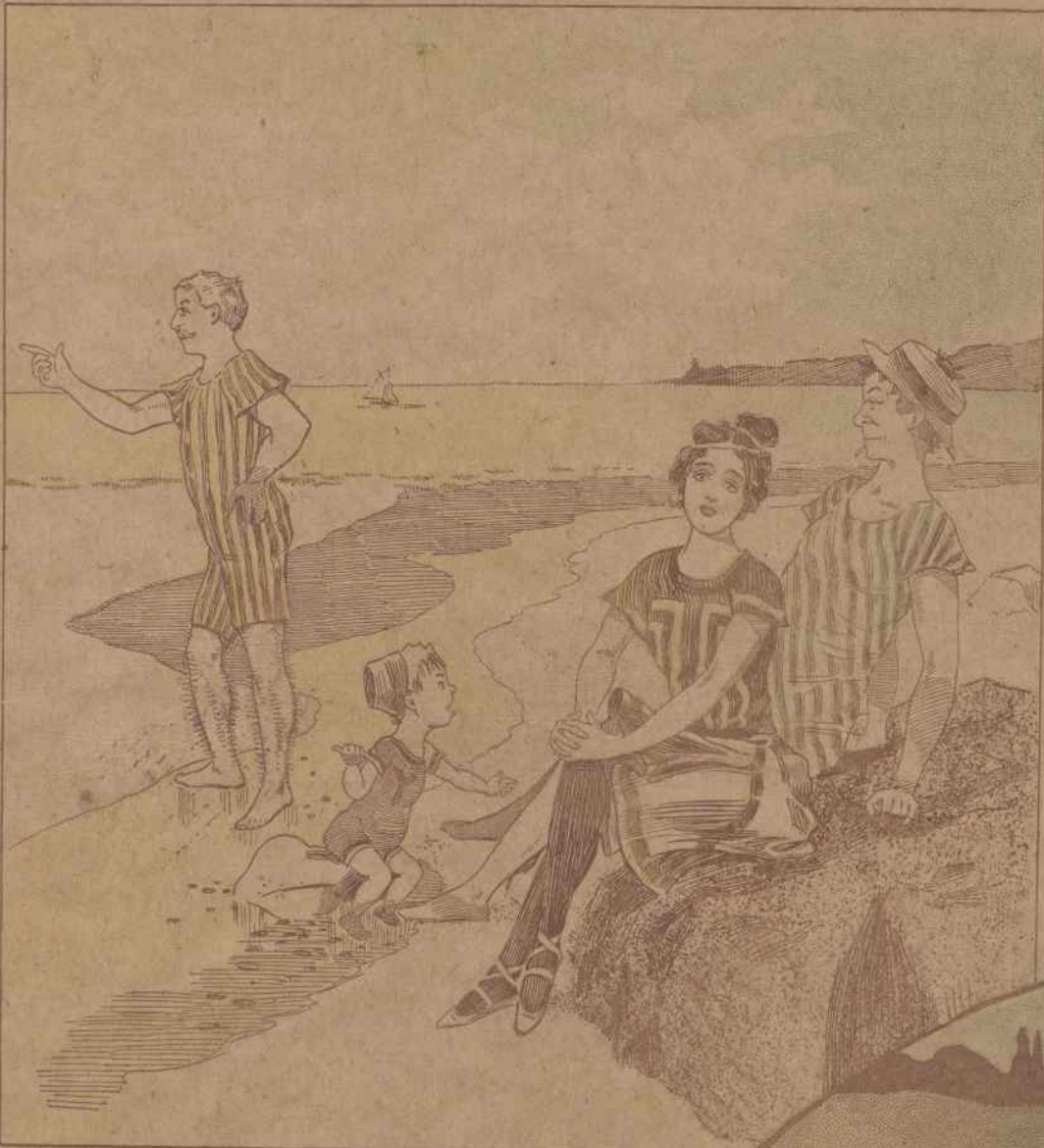


EMBARRASSING.



RUTH (to Jack's college chum)—Yes, Jack proposed last night, and I accepted. I think he's just too handsome for anything; such a lovely mustache and—
LITTLE BOBBY (interrupting)—Yes, but didger get onto the seaweed on his legs?

Historical Tales Revised.

It was a bright morning in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the Thames flowed down past Greenwich with the leisurely air of a river that runs by the day and not by the job.

Suddenly the palace gates opened, and emerging therefrom, the royal ushers began to usher. Amid a crowd of lords and ladies came Elizabeth herself, in the prime of womanhood and the full glow of what Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has called beauty, but of which the masses still have honest doubts. She leaned upon the arm of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. "Ah, my lord," she was saying, "A queen is never too fat to lean."

This sudden and unexpected exhibition of royal wit cast such a damper over the proceedings that a large puddle formed in the path.

"A murrain on it!" said Elizabeth. "I have left my rubbers at home."

At this instant a young cavalier sprang forward, and tearing from his shoulders a borrowed cloak, laid it across the mud spot so that the queen might pass dry-shod.

With a quick sweep of her powder-puff, a blush mantled upon Elizabeth's cheeks: "Sir Walter Raleigh, I presume?" she said.

"The same," replied Sir Walter.

"Such devotion shall not go unrewarded," said

BOBBY'S UNPROFITABLE JOKE; OR,



"Get onto his jaglets pourin' de merlasses on der dime in der can. Wont he be sore when I tell him?"

Elizabeth, and turning to the Earl, "Give him fifty cents," she said.

The young man looked at the ruined cloak: "It's worth a dollar," said he.

The queen's eyes flashed, but hastily consulting the History of England, which she carried in her reticule, she said, in a low tone, to the Earl of Leicester: "Let it go at that, Robert—give him the dollar. We'll get it back when he is beheaded in 1618."

Alas for the weaknesses of great minds! When the Coroner sat upon the remains of the gallant Raleigh, Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, was dead.

MORAL: e 357

When you want to pluck a chicken hatchet him yourself.

Unnecessary Trouble.

SHE—Do you believe in cremation?
HE—No. What's the use of doing things twice?

Poor Man.

"I tell you," remarked the man with a wife and five lovely daughters to his friend downtown, "I've been hearing so much chatter and jabber about sea shore, mountain and country resorts during the last few days that I'm thoroughly Summer bored."

A Difference.

HOJACK—Jawley is a leader of the workmen, isn't he?
TOMDIK—Not much. He's a labor leader.

Scandalous.

It was the subject of insatiable gossip. Why shouldn't it be? Her infatuation for him was known to all. The whole company knew it. He played the part of Hamlet. She interpreted but a minor part. Nevertheless he, from the heights of histrionic success, had deigned to smile upon her.

The company had been abruptly disbanded. He was the first to leave. Before them all she had denounced her loss.

It had been whispered that she would follow him, but no one was prepared to hear such a declaration from her own lips.

"Yes," she said before them all, "I shall go to my Hamlet." And away she went, and in a few hours reached her hamlet, a quiet country spot, the village of her birth.

On the Beach.

MAY—I say, Maud, what do you do when you wear your bathing shoes out?

MAUD—Wear them home.

His Figure.

PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOM—What is your lowest fee for marrying a couple?

MINISTER—Two for five.

THE SQUIRREL MOTOR.



BITTER.



NON-SMOKING PARENT (to hopeful son)—I am happy to observe, sir, that you have at least the decency to endeavor to conceal yourself as much as possible behind the disgusting thing.

The Shadow on the Hearth.

"Wait until he comes home!"

With a portentous look in her liquid blue eyes she swept from the room and—

But her story:

Married a year, yet Evangeline Spudgenbaker was happy. At least, had been happy until now. It might seem a trifling thing to others, this that had come as a shadow upon her young life; but not so to her.

"Jumbleton, darling," she had said, "how lovely it is of you to give it up! How perfectly lovely! You know how I detest, despise it! But, more than that, it is so unworthy of you—you who are so true, so noble! You will shun it always, will you not, dearest? Even when I am away?"

"Then, of all times, would I shun it, my own!" declared Jumbleton Spudgenbaker. "Then, of all times, would I shame to know I had not shunned it!"

"Sweetest, noblest, truest love!"

And now she had been away and had returned.

It was in her husband's room. He had kissed her a fond adieu and gone away to business. But a few short minutes later and the look of portent

THE DIME AND THE DUTCHMAN.



"Vell, you get him outt undt I giff you more molatsis, yah!"

A Distinction.

MOTHER—I shall not let you go out on your bicycle with such an immodest costume on.

DAUGHTER—Why, mamma, this is my new bathing suit.

MOTHER—Oh, that is different.

had come into her liquid blue eyes, and then it was, with that look in her eyes, that she had swept from the room.

Three big, fat cigar butts that Jumbleton Spudgenbaker had forgotten to chuck out the window was what she swept from the room.

And then, with bitterness enough, she had exclaimed:

"Wait until he comes home!"

She, the fair young thing, had it in for Jumbleton!

An Arithmetical Expert.

"What is your age, madam?" asked the attorney for the prosecution, as a witness on the other side took her seat.

"I always have to count it up, sir," she replied sweetly. Then, after a silent effort at mental arithmetic, she added:

"I'm going on twenty-three, sir."

"You are good at subtraction, I see."

No Light Drinks.

MAUD—You mustn't treat my father lightly.

CLAUDE—You would not think I treated him lightly if you saw how heavily he drinks when I treat him.

"Vat! Der money mit der pottom oof der palls alretty?"